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The Helena

VOL. 30--NO. 31.

HELENA, MONTANA TERRITORY, THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 10, 1889.

The Only
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IN MONTANA
That Receives a Telegraphic Report
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News of the World Daily.

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BRAND OF
Hams and Breakfast Bacon
CURED AND
Smoked in Montana
BY THE
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Packers, Curers and Smokers of
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NORTHWESTERN
RAILWAY
IS THE DIRECT ROUTE TO
CHICAGO, NEW YORK
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It is absolutely the shortest and best line to Chi-
cago and the East.
It offers every facility for quick, safe, and com-
fortable travel to the traveler.
It stands second to none in the West, and offers
superior service and accommodations for all who
are not content with the ordinary facilities of the
railroad.

The celebrated Northwestern Dining Car
service of everything that helps to make a journey
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able. Passengers who consult their own interest will
naturally purchase tickets over this popular and
high-class route.

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RESTORED, Men-
Free, a victim of
syphilis, gonorrhea,
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in the most effec-
tive manner, and
restored to health
and vigor. No
pain, no danger,
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need of leaving
home. No need of
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need of taking
drugs. No need of
any other treat-
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any other help.
No need of any
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No need of any
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No need of any
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The Plymouth CLOTHING HOUSE

IS OFFERING
Bargains in Fine Suits,
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GENTS FURNISHING GOODS, ETC.

Call and See us Before Purchasing Elsewhere.

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Just received, a large stock of

Bement & Son's
Celebrated "Maine" and "Brown"
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Our stock of fine Carriages and Buggies is the largest and most complete ever
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A full line of Mine and Mill supplies embracing Blake Steam Pumps, Revere
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and Helena avenue.

S. C. ASHBY.
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S. C. ASHBY & CO.
HELENA AND GREAT FALLS.

It was raining very hard all morning.
Towards noon it cleared almost entirely,
and by 4 o'clock there was every indica-
tion that there would be an entire cessation
of the rain storm. Half an hour after-
wards the sun made every effort to per-
meate the clouds and the tints of the rain-
bow were seen in the eastern sky and a
clear sky was overhead. This continued
for an hour or longer. Then the scene
changed with a suddenness that was appal-
ling, and the fleecy clouds gave way to the
ominous signs of a coming storm. Dark
banks of clouds marshalled themselves
towards the town and soon the gloom
seemed to have settled over the city. Then
the wind

WHISTLED, HOWLED AND TORE
in mad confusion. The storm clouds grew
heavier still and louder roared the wind.
In the western sky the storm was seen ap-
proaching with a thundering noise. The
swath it cut was narrow, but its effect was
terrific. Persons residing along the track
of the storm saw the first signs of
trouble in a funnel-shaped mass of rain,
wind and debris, which seemed to gather
up everything within its reach and cast it
right and left. Out in the country houses
and barns were unroofed, farm build-
ings overturned, cars rooted up and
destruction spread in every direction. The
track of this destructive element was not
more than 200 feet wide, and it is lucky it
only touched the suburbs of the city. It
came from the west, but passed along the
northern border of Reading. It first
touched the Mount Penn Store works.
Here a corner of the building was struck
and a portion of the roof cut off as nicely
as if done with a pair of scissors. Then
the storm clouds scurried across some
fields, took off a portion of the roof of J. S.
Sternberg's rolling mill and a number of
dwellings were unroofed as readily as if
their tin roofs were paper. The storm then
traveled across the property of the Reading
railroad company, and crossed the rail-
road. Here a passenger car was standing.
This was overturned as quickly as if it had
been a toy and its splinters

SCATTERED IN EVERY DIRECTION.
Meanwhile the rain poured down in tor-
rents, the atmosphere became oppressive
and it was almost as dark as night. Di-
rectly on one side of the track of the Read-
ing railroad was situated the paint shop
of the company. It was a one story build-
ing, about sixty by 150 feet in size and
about thirty men were employed in painting
passenger cars. There were eight or nine
of these cars in the building, which had been
built at the company's shops at a cost of
\$2,000 each. The building was struck
squarely in the middle and the bricks
scattered about as if they were playthings.
The cars were turned topsy turvy, while
the men were buried under the debris.
The chamber of each passenger car was al-
ready filled with gas, as they
were for being out of the rain and a few
days. They exploded one after an-
other, and bang, bang, bang, they re-
sounded over the city, causing people to
run out of their houses, thinking it was
the sound of an earthquake. There was a con-
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ing and this added fuel to the flames, which
shot upward with a roar like musketry.
Some twenty men had a chance to crawl
out of the ruins, but four of their companions
were enveloped in the embrace of the
flames. Their cries were heard for a mo-
ment by the terrified workmen and then
their voices were hushed forever. They
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QUICKLY ROASTED TO DEATH.
The fire from the nine or ten passenger cars
lit up the heavens for miles around. It
was a beautiful sight and could have been
enjoyed but for the awful calamity which
accompanied it. In the meantime the fire
department was called out, but their ef-
forts were unavailing. The building and
cars were consumed in fifteen minutes and
nothing was left but the blackened, smok-
ing ruins, under which lay four
human beings, burned to a crisp. Their
names are:

JOHN KOLLER,
JOHN LANDBERG,
SHERIDAN JONES,
GEORGE SCHAFER.

It was rumored that several others had
been killed, but these are the only ones
who it is known have lost their lives.
Aaron Dewalt, another employee of the
paint shop, had an arm broken, and Geo.
Knapp was injured internally, no doubt

fatally. The loss to the railroad company
is fully \$75,000.

While this was all going on the storm
was traveling forward with fearful rapidity.
It struck some more private houses and un-
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except sheets of tin being carried half a square
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DIRECTLY IN ITS PATH,
at the corner of Twelfth and Marion
streets, stood the Reading Silk Mill. Here
about 175 girls were working. The build-
ing was a huge structure, more than a
mile long, four stories in height and had
a basement besides. It occupied an entire
block of ground. The size of the building
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by a massive tower fully 100 feet from the
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bruised and broken limbs, their clothing
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the city this afternoon and laid waste
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QUICKLY ROASTED TO DEATH.
The fire from the nine or ten passenger cars
lit up the heavens for miles around. It
was a beautiful sight and could have been
enjoyed but for the awful calamity which
accompanied it. In the meantime the fire
department was called out, but their ef-
forts were unavailing. The building and
cars were consumed in fifteen minutes and
nothing was left but the blackened, smok-
ing ruins, under which lay four
human beings, burned to a crisp. Their
names are:

JOHN KOLLER,
JOHN LANDBERG,
SHERIDAN JONES,
GEORGE SCHAFER.

It was rumored that several others had
been killed, but these are the only ones
who it is known have lost their lives.
Aaron Dewalt, another employee of the
paint shop, had an arm broken, and Geo.
Knapp was injured internally, no doubt

fatally. The loss to the railroad company
is fully \$75,000.

While this was all going on the storm
was traveling forward with fearful rapidity.
It struck some more private houses and un-
roofed them, but did not do much damage
except sheets of tin being carried half a square
away. Then the storm proceeded in its
full fury.

DIRECTLY IN ITS PATH,
at the corner of Twelfth and Marion
streets, stood the Reading Silk Mill. Here
about 175 girls were working. The build-
ing was a huge structure, more than a
mile long, four stories in height and had
a basement besides. It occupied an entire
block of ground. The size of the building
itself was nearly 300 feet in length, and
about 150 feet wide. It was surrounded
by a massive tower fully 100 feet from the
ground. The funnel-shaped storm cloud
struck the building directly in the center
on its broadest side, which faced the
west and it fell to pieces as if
it composed of so many building
blocks. Nearly 200 human beings were
down in the awful wreck when the walls
gave way and the floors fell down, one on
top of the other, carrying their great mass
of human beings to the bottom. Amid the
hurricane and whistling of the rushing,
roaring wind, terrible cries for succor were
sent up to heaven. It was a moment that
no man's soul could ever forget.

GIRLS WITH BLACKENED FACES,
bruised and broken limbs, their clothing
tattered and torn, dragged themselves
from the ruins. From seventy-five to one
hundred escaped, or were dragged out by
their friends. These, of course, worked on
the upper floors, and we throw near the
top of the debris. At some places bricks
were piled twenty feet deep and under-
neath were lying the mangled bodies of
the victims.

HUMAN BODIES BY THE SCORE.
About 250 girls and young women are
usually employed in the mill, but at 4
o'clock about eighty were relieved from
duty for the day and they returned to their
homes before the storm came. The most
reliable account of the disaster is in the
morning as the result of one of the great-
est calamities known to Pennsylvania.

A cyclone swept over the northern portion of
the city this afternoon and laid waste
everything within its reach, and with ter-
rible loss of life. The lives that have been
sacrificed and the number that have been
injured can be only estimated. The most
reliable computation at 10 o'clock to-night
is that not less than sixty persons have
been killed outright and 100 injured. How
this terrible calamity occurred is about as
follows:

It was raining very hard all morning.
Towards noon it cleared almost entirely,
and by 4 o'clock there was every indica-
tion that there would be an entire cessation
of the rain storm. Half an hour after-
wards the sun made every effort to per-
meate the clouds and the tints of the rain-
bow were seen in the eastern sky and a
clear sky was overhead. This continued
for an hour or longer. Then the scene
changed with a suddenness that was appal-
ling, and the fleecy clouds gave way to the
ominous signs of a coming storm. Dark
banks of clouds marshalled themselves
towards the town and soon the gloom
seemed to have settled over the city. Then
the wind

WHISTLED, HOWLED AND TORE
in mad confusion. The storm clouds grew
heavier still and louder roared the wind.
In the western sky the storm was seen ap-
proaching with a thundering noise. The
swath it cut was narrow, but its effect was
terrific. Persons residing along the track
of the storm saw the first signs of
trouble in a funnel-shaped mass of rain,
wind and debris, which seemed to gather
up everything within its reach and cast it
right and left. Out in the country houses
and barns were unroofed, farm build-
ings overturned, cars rooted up and
destruction spread in every direction. The
track of this destructive element was not
more than 200 feet wide, and it is lucky it
only touched the suburbs of the city. It
came from the west, but passed along the
northern border of Reading. It first
touched the Mount Penn Store works.
Here a corner of the